

# The Saturday Evening Post

Whole No. 18

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## FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When memory wakes to days long fled,  
That seemed with joy's gay wasted treasure,  
She weeps to think when care was led  
A captive by the hand of pleasure;

When the world, illum'd by the Lamp of Hope,  
Showered its bright forces, and sweetly smiled—  
And she, like a bird, with fancy's scope  
To fly to bliss—and fall beguiled—

Sweet days! that through the gloom of years,  
Shine like some fragrant, phœnix bird,  
To him who from his wings bestows  
And leaves each hope upon its strand.

Sweet days! the minstrel's heart will own,  
That gave it forth, the power  
That gave it forth, the power  
That gave it forth, the power

To angel forms then love was flowing,  
And his was dwelling round the scene,  
The fragrance of his wings bestowing,  
But ah! there was a gulph between—

The minstrel's harp in glowing numbers  
Tone rang, of hope and joy the token,  
But now in silence still it stands,  
Or only sings of days long fled.

AYMER.

## FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In a neat little cottage, surrounded with green,  
Where woodbine crept o'er the door,  
There dwelt a fair maiden as ever was seen,  
She was merry, and happy, but poor.

Was her cry and happy, but poor,  
Her innocent heart, that never knew guile,  
She thought from affliction secure,  
Her lovely features o'er her brow with a smile;

She was happy although she was poor;  
Was happy, although she was poor,  
But a neighbouring youth, her fancy had taught,  
To believe his affections were true;

For often he told her, and often she thought,  
He lov'd her although she was poor,  
Yet soon her sweet innocent heart was deceiv'd,  
When she thought his affections secure;

He was happy, although she was poor;  
And left her because she was poor.  
ELLIS.

## FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Come sweet smiling vision of pleasure,  
Still peace to my bosom impart,  
Yes, thou little innocent creature,  
I had thee, still near my heart.

Though grief did sometimes awaken,  
Long hours of sorrow and care,  
Let thy influence still prove unshaken,  
And I amh unconquer'd despair.

ELLIS.

## MY BIRTH DAY.

By THOMAS MOORE.

My Birth Day!—what a different sound  
That word had in my youthful ear!  
And how, each time the year comes round,  
Less and less it seems to me to care.

When first our sunny years are told,  
It seems like pastime to grow old;  
And as youth counts the shining links  
That time around him binds so fast,

Heav'n with the task, he little thinks  
How hard the chain will prove to him;  
Yet soon the man, and false as vain,  
Who said—'we're bound to do as we can'

He would do all that he had done!  
Ah! 'tis not thus the voice that dwells  
In our birth days speaks to us;  
For afterwards—'tis time to live!

Let's be content, let's be content,  
Of counsel, of counsel, of counsel,  
But all, like the bee's incessant hum,  
Upon us, softly, softly, hums.

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## FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

To \*\*\*  
When the darts of folly and the shafts of resentment  
Are hurled with a fury implacable sure,  
The spirit's mind cannot bear with contentment,  
Although it is conscious it is mortally sure.

But who can describe the pang, all destroying  
Of the bosom so sacred, so faithfully given?  
That denied the rest, the bliss of enjoying  
The company best of the object it lov'd?

Dear girl, will you say when I've offend'd,  
Or friendship's affectionate duties forgot?  
Have I ever the voice of distraction commend'd?  
If I have, but answer, 'twill say I have not.

Why then will that longer distress me with sorrowing,  
With indeignant frowns and morose frowns?  
Will thou blight the young bloom of love's opening morning,  
And all its fond wishes in ashes drown?

Oh! stay the dread wrath that so hastily moves thee,  
And fill all my bosom with sorrow and pain;  
Restore but to favour this heart that still loves thee,  
And anxiously waits thine affection again.

Dec. 15th 1823. CARLOS.

## THE MORALIST

### ON TIME.

Where is yesterday? It is gone forever!  
Where is to-day? Its moments are on the wing!  
Where is to-morrow? "In another world!"

To numbers this is certain; the reverse  
Is sure to none! YET—

On what then are our hopes built? on time or eternity? on earth or heaven? Is the creature or the creator our chief good? the uncertain stream or the boundless ocean, our source of supply? These are momentous inquiries. May we lay them to heart! May reflection feed upon them! May grace improve them!

Of what infinite value is time! It is the space given for repentance; or to fill up the measure of our iniquities; it is the prelude, the forerunner of heaven or hell; and yet, how short, how uncertain is duration!

"Slow like the dial's tardy moving shade,  
Day after day slides from us unperceiv'd.  
The sunning fugitive is swift by stealth;  
Too subtle is the movement to be seen;  
Yet soon the hour is up and we are gone!"

YET—

How small a part of time elapsed has been given to our God! how much to vanity and folly! The world has claimed its portion, and we have acceded to its demand. Business has required its allotment, and we have granted its request—Our wearied bodies have asked for their share; and hours have been allotted to sleep which might have been more profitably employed in praise and prayer. Sinful diversions, in our unconverted state, have stolen from us, day after day, and midnight has not ended our thoughtless revels.

These, and nameless other objects, have, at one period or other, engrossed our attention, our affection, our esteem, but how small a portion have we reserved for reflection, for prayer, for soul concerns!—Well may we adore the clemency of God, and with the prophet exclaim, "It is of the Lord's mercies we are not consumed; and because his compassions fail not: blessed be his holy name, they are new every morning! But what are our thoughts, our views, our dispositions? Have we profited by experience; and can we say, the time past of our life has sufficed us to have wrought the will of the Gentiles; to have served divers lusts and passions! Are we now obeying from the heart, the Divine injunction, 'Come out from among them, and be ye separate; and touch not the unclean thing?' Are our thoughts, our desires, our pursuits, such as become those who are called to glory and virtue; such as are suited to the dignity of the followers of Christ, and heirs of the kingdom? Can we throw down the gauntlet, like our Divine Saviour, and say, 'Which of you convinceth me of sin? Alas, we cannot! our experience tells us that in many things, we offend; that in all we come short of that glory, in which it is our privilege, and should be our ambition, at all times to shine. How circumscribed are our views of God, of his word, and of ourselves! How much dross is still mixed with the fine gold of the kingdom! How often does a deceitful heart betray itself, and tell us we have not yet attained, neither are already perfect!

What reflections should these convictions produce? May they not briefly be these:—A new period of time is begun: another year (perhaps my last) is commenced. Lord let me be devoted to thee! let our hearts, our lives, our all be thine! We desire to love thee! Make us ashamed that we are still so cold; make us glow with divine ardour; calm us as the purchase of thy blood, as the conquest of thy love, and henceforth—

"Be thou our all,  
Our theme, our inspiration, and our crown,  
Our strength in age, our rise in low estate;  
Our soul's ambition, pleasure, wealth; our world,  
Our light in darkness, and our life in death.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a story somewhere in fabulous history, about a quarrel that took place between a couple of travellers, concerning the colour of the camelion: one asserted it was green, and the other was equally positive that it was blue: a third person presented himself and told them they were both in error, for it was neither green nor blue, but inconspicuously black, as he had the animal then with him in a small box, he had no doubt but his assertion could readily be proved by ocular demonstration—so he opens his box, and they all saw it was white: at once convincing them of the folly of their previous contention. Now it seems to me

that many of the controversies among men, are upon no better foundation than that which is represented to have taken place about the colour of the camelion. Truth is certain; but man's apprehension of truth is liable to uncertainty: his capacity of vision and of understanding is various; and though the divine voice is always pure and incorruptible, and the information thereby communicated is always certain and infallible, yet it is not every one who professes to be under its government, that is so on all occasions. It is quite possible for a person to think he has it in his conclusions, when they result from nothing higher than his own fallible senses and fallible rationality; and also quite possible he may pretend to have the Divine unction, when he knows he has not: man is composed of the animal nature, the rational understanding, and the immortal soul:—The Divine Intelligence operates on the soul and through that to the rational understanding, bringing the animal man into obedience to the divine government. Now, man with all his superiority over the inferior orders of creation, the nobility of the structure of his frame, and the vast power of his intellectual capacities, is the mere creature of error, independent of heavenly instruction; and whenever, or upon whatever occasion, he undertakes to act in concerns that are spiritual, without the influence of that wisdom which comes immediately from the Fountain of Light, he gropes in a labyrinth of darkness; and let his pretensions be as sanctified as they may, he is not within the holy inclosure of incorruptible truth, nor an inhabitant of that "city whose walls are salvation and whose gates are praise." Hence it is evident, that all those controversies which result from the unsanctified will and imperfect wisdom of man, and all those hypotheses, which are supported by any means whatever that are inconsistent with the plain doctrines of the gospel of peace and salvation from all darkness, error and violence, are no part of the works of the new covenant dispensation; nor, whatever may be the ostensible object, can they promote the coming of that kingdom in the heart of man, for which we are taught devoutly to pray.

The perfection of religion consists in an entire obedience to the divine government. Few have arrived at it—many are progressing. The camelion may change its colour, or rather may appear to do so; but religion is the same in all ages substantially—whatever different colouring may have been put upon it by the imperfect vision of man. Its most important requisitions are uncontested by all who are devoted to its influence, and in fact by many that are not so. LUCAS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I treat of times long past, over which the twilight of uncertainty has already thrown its shadows, and the night of forgetfulness was about to descend forever.—KNICKERBOCKER.

Among the pleasures which a leisure hour affords, there are few greater than that of looking back upon the days that have been. Whether it be the fond remembrance of our early and innocent amusements, or the more distant annals of a later age. To look back upon the joys and troubles of a generation that has long since descended to the grave, and to bring before us the whims and oddities of those whose names only are remembered.

In researches of this kind I oftentimes amuse myself, and find that in any individual a little enquiry will elicit much: accident has at different times thrown many in my way, whose lives had not only been greatly lengthened, but were marked by much of interest and anecdote. Now and then, I meet with one whose early days were passed in my own neighbourhood, and the local changes which have occurred in a few years appear incredible. But I have also met with many whose reminiscence can carry them so far back as to make the very city in which I reside appear the offspring of almost a day. Some of these anecdotes and reminiscences I propose to furnish for the amusement of the inquisitive, and trust they will be found amusing. I do not hold myself responsible for their correctness for I relate them just as they were given to me.

It was but a few evenings since that I came across an old but healthy worthy of the last century, and after having conversed with him some time, he related to me the following anecdote. In his younger days he was fond of rambling, and though he never gained much of worldly wealth, yet it gained him much of worldly knowledge. In 1777, having resolved many years before to see the world, he took his passage in the island of Santa Cruz, he took his passage in the island of Santa Cruz, he took his passage in the island of Santa Cruz.

On the voyage he was appointed a lieutenant of marines, and when arrived off the Cape of Delaware, he found it not only blocked by the Roebuck, a British man of war, but discovered that they were pursued by her—The Roebuck soon came up with them, and the Liberty after having exchanged several broadsides of small arms, ran aground in Harcourts river, a few miles inside the capes. In this situation they were still firing, when the Roebuck came so near as to allow her commander to be distinctly heard to say "Don't give her a shot between wind and water!" As the Schooner thus lay beating on the bar, her hero saw a sailor take a match from the companion way of the Roebuck, and before he could apply it to the gun, a tremendous wave threw the Liberty completely over the bar, and she sailed up the inlet and escaped. In a moment after, the shot struck the very spot from which they had so narrowly escaped. It was a 42 pounder and would have gone completely through her! She discharged her gun and part of her crew, and among them my informant, who proceeded on to Philadelphia. In a few weeks the Roebuck came up to the city also, and our hero concluded he would go on board and examine her. At this time he had in his pocket a certificate of citizenship from the king of Denmark, obtained while residing in the island of Santa Cruz, a paper that protected him fully from impressment. He passed the centinel unobserved, and on getting on board, observed an officer walking on her quarter deck, apparently her commander, he stepped up and asked him, "Sir do you command this vessel?" "I do," was the pithy answer. "I have a curiosity to inspect her," again enquired our hero—"is it any offence?" "None at all, sir," was the reply of the Briton. Permission being thus granted, he proceeded to inspect the Roebuck. He went below and examined all that was worthy of attention. She was a three decker. On the second deck was a large in complete operation, military implements of all kinds were making by candle light and at sundown, on coming upon deck he went up to the cannon that had been fired at the Liberty, with an intention to sink her. It was an enormous piece. Turning to the British captain, "Sir,

say he (that's Watty) says he, 'It looks like a—' 'Aye,' exclaims Ranty, (the butcher you know says he, 'It wants a polish, it wants an edge, it wants a little greasing.' "True," says Watty, "what I mean, it's too short, it's like a piece of personal." "Aye," says Button, (that's the tailor), "it should only be himing, the should be managed gently, or we shall give fence." So it was agreed among the committee not to publish any more till revised and polished for fear of offending.—So, Mr. Printer, if you fit to print this, seeing as how it's already written off, you can do it, that's all.—By order of the committee.

The captain of the Roebuck then took him into his own cabin, in which was a circular table six feet in diameter, covered with piles of Spanish Dollars, ten in a pile. He then pointed to several bags of the same precious metal, and turning to his guest enquired, "Have you any thing like this in your country?" "Not much," was the reply—a bowl of punch was next produced, and after having pledged each other, our hero bade his host adieu, with an invitation to call and see the Roebuck whenever he came that way. Dec. 23, 1823.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TO REBECCA.

FAIR LADY—I regret that a few harmless verses, addressed to a faithless female, should have a tendency to make you believe that I consider all of your sex perfidious and unfaithful. You allow that for a score of inconstant youths, there may be found one false female. Even this I consider too large a proportion; for I am willing to suppose that there are fifty false males, for every inconstant lady. You will do me the justice to believe that I intended no libel on your sex. The attempt would be as vain, as it would be unmannerly. But, Rebecca, I am inclined to think that you have broken your own lover's heart. The defence of your sex so promptly undertaken, seems to prove that your conscience was touched: Perhaps you are one, strong in all that makes woman powerful; possessing beauty and gifted with wit, but owning a variable and flinty heart. If I have guessed aright, cease to rail at our inconstancy. Reform your own conduct. Restore to your smiles any swain who now may be languishing for them. Beam on him those bright eyes which heaven bestowed on you, not for the purpose of destroying, but to bless. Do this and when an allusion is made to woman's cruelty or inconstancy, you can pass it by, as a thing which concerns you not.

FRANCIS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Whatever occurs in the course of our observation and experience, affords to us either an agreeable or disagreeable sensation. If we avoid what is unpleasant, and use our best endeavours to multiply those events which are congenial to our feelings, we walk near the path of our duty, and most likely shall find all the enjoyments we stand in need of. We then feel that elevation of mind which places us out of the reach of contingencies, and the influence of those trifles that would otherwise interfere with our peace.

Every body is pleased with the approach of that which is congenial: but anticipation is sometimes our only enjoyment. We see things at a distance, we expect their arrival, and are glad; but often—like the baseless fabric of a vision, they disappear and leave no trace behind.

Life is not lived again; and whether good or ill abounds, time passes on. Let us then as heaven prescribes, avoid the whole that is evil, and thankfully accept the varied good which Providence dispenses. L.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

REJECTED ADDRESSES.

"Ill luck confound it!" cried Bob, the boot-maker. "A ragamuffin's blessing take your New Years," says Will Watt, the baker's boy; and "a cabbage leaf plase ye," exclaims Button, the tailor, "those poor creeps have always the start of us." "Aye," cries Ranty, the butcher, "and the watchmen too. Greasy fingers take them all, say I." "Well never mind it now, it's too late to cry for spilt milk," says Milky, (that's Johnny the cow-boy, that one sees so early of a cold frosty morning, skipping along with his nice copper-bound milk pail, he's a right chap for the cream) "I'll warrant ye." "Never mind," says he (that's Johnny) "we'll take care for the future." "Aye," cries Bob, (that's Bob the booter) "I'll swallow my lapst one if they catch me asleep again." "Beware," replied the company—that is Will Watt, Button, Bob cow-boy, and Ranty, one and all remember "wile awake" is the watch word. "And now," says Button (that's Button the tailor), "I have a notion that will afford us some consolation—We've been disappointed in this business, and now I say let's publish, that's all, let's publish." "Good," cries Ranty (don't forget that's Bob the booter) "hammer my upper leather but I like the notion; all of this mind say so that's all," and they all said so every mother's son of them, and so the notion was carried. And now, Mr. Printer, if you choose to publish, why you can do so, that's all; except, Sir, that we will say we owe it to our patrons, to our credit, and, Sir, to our feelings, (Johnny, that's the cow boy, says as how that caps the climax) to have our rejected address exhibited to the public, that they may see we are up to a thing or two, as well as our more fortunate worthies (meaning the above alluded to gentlemen.)

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS OF THE COBBLER'S BOYS, To their Patrons.—January 1824.

Patrons! our most obedient still, Her unaccustomed part to fill, Attempts to greet the coming year, And wish you all right merry cheer.

The roaring blast around us whistles,  
The streets with snow are wishy washy,  
And well we know our wax and bristles,  
Protect your feet when walks are splashy.

We know, you know, that without we,  
Your feet would freeze in winter weather,  
And therefore you should thankful be,  
And we together,

Who deal in leather,  
Whose trade is past,  
For you at last,

To guard from cold your boot-legs,  
Should by no means be treated harsh,  
But rather comforted with care,  
Hoping that you will this remember,

About the last of next December,  
We wish you, whether boots or pumps,  
Besides good cheer  
And a merry year,

A cobbler's blessing on your stumps.

And so we were going on, copying all the others, but an idea pop'd (comically enough too) into Watty's noodle about the cobbler's address.

say he (that's Watty) says he, 'It looks like a—' 'Aye,' exclaims Ranty, (the butcher you know says he, 'It wants a polish, it wants an edge, it wants a little greasing.' "True," says Watty, "what I mean, it's too short, it's like a piece of personal." "Aye," says Button, (that's the tailor), "it should only be himing, the should be managed gently, or we shall give fence." So it was agreed among the committee not to publish any more till revised and polished for fear of offending.—So, Mr. Printer, if you fit to print this, seeing as how it's already written off, you can do it, that's all.—By order of the committee.

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COLLECTanea.

THE PRINTER.

He whose business it is—or, if you would rather have it so—he who makes it his business to try to please every body, is sure to please nobody. This is precisely the case with the Printer. Even devil! he is forever torturing his brains and sacking his knowledge box, for novel notions wherewith to amuse his readers; he is always looking over his files of papers for the latest news, the most interesting occurrences, and the choicest pieces of sentiment—but after all he is rewarded with nothing but censure. Each one thinks the paper should be printed exclusively to suit himself. The politician looks for bitter invective and the sedate reader abhors it. The young man looks for poetry and pretty pieces of sentiment, and the man of business wishes such trash so it goes. No one is satisfied: there is either too much of one thing, or not enough of another; and the Printer must bare all the blame. If he chooses to complain or apologise it is all the same; and he is loaded with a new burden of abuse—then one for publishing this article, and from another for publishing that.—To enumerate all the which the typographical fraternity are heirs to would be an endless task.

THE WEST INDIAN FEMALES.

The white females of the West Indies are generally rather of a more slender form than the European women. The complexion, which they are peculiarly careful to preserve, is either a pure white or brunette, with but little or none of the bloom of the rose, which to a stranger, has rather a sickly appearance at first, though that impression gradually wears off. Their features are even and regular; their eyes rather expressive than sparkling; their voices soft and pleasing; and their whole air and looks tender, gentle, and feminine. With the appearance of languor and indolence, they are active and animated on occasions, particularly when dancing—an amusement of which they are peculiarly fond, and in which they display a natural ease, gracefulness and agility, which surprise and delight a stranger. They are fond of music, and there are few who have not an intuitive taste for it, and fine voices. They are accused of excessive indolence; and some examples of this are given by those whose object it is to exhibit them to ridicule. These exaggerations, like all others of a national description, savour more of caricature than truth. The heat of the climate, joined to the still habits of a sedentary life, naturally beget a languor, listlessness, and disposition to self indulgence, to which the females of more northern climates are strangers. The daily loll in bed before dinner is so gratifying a relaxation, that it has become almost as necessary as their nightly repose. To sum up, in a few words, the character of the Creole ladies, they are so excessively fond of pleasure and amusement, that they would be glad if the whole texture of human life were formed of nothing else; balls, in particular, are their great delight; they are averse to whatever requires much mental or bodily exertion, dancing excepted, reading they do not care much about, except to fill up an idle hour; and diligence, industry, and economy, cannot be said to be among the number of their virtues.

KNOWLEDGE.

Knowledge is power—is wealth—is honour. It raises the savage above the brute; and the peasant, in civilized society, much above the savage. While it exalts the few, who possess its richest stores, as far above the mass of the unlearned as they transcend the brute creation.

Knowledge opens the surest path to usefulness and eminence. It confers a nobility which no hereditary rank can equal; and which kings and princes cannot bestow. Knowledge, consecrated to its legitimate end, constitutes the brightest ornament of human nature. It is, and must be, the main pillar of our republican institutions—of all civil and religious liberty—of all that the patriot and the christian holds most dear upon earth. It is a treasure, of which no adverse fortune, no persecuting power, no malignant fiend, can deprive its possessor. In poverty—in exile—at home—abroad—in the wilderness—on the ocean—in prison—in bondage—it is his companion and his solace; and like Cleopatra, and Luther, and Knox, and Milton, and Locke, and a thousand others, more unfortunate and more oppressed than they, he can, even then, turn it to a profitable account. So far as this world merely is in question, it is more desirable than any, or all other possessions. With what invincible perseverance ardent then, ought its acquisition to be prosecuted by every ingenious youth, who aspires to the perfection of his nature, and to the most commanding sphere of human action.

TRAITS OF CHARACTER.

It is impossible to reflect upon the men and things in the American revolution, without being ready to apprehend that certain individuals were seemingly raised up to fill certain parts in the proceedings to be had for establishing the republic:—such as WASHINGTON for his cold, calculating discretion and patient courage; FRANKLIN, for his wonderful mind and profound knowledge of things; S. ADAMS, for his zeal and skill in managing men; J. ADAMS, for his energy; WARREN, for his devotedness; HANCOCK, for his firmness; JEFFERSON, for the beautiful simplicity of his principles and talents; GREENE, for his resources in times of difficulty; PULASKI for his blunt honesty; GATES, for his perseverance and sincerity; WAYNE, for his impetuosity; REAR, for his incorruptibility; CHARLES THOMPSON, for his fidelity; HENRY, for his eloquence; MARION, for his enterprise;



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The Rev. Mr. BOWELL, has promised to preach a sermon on Sunday, the 19th inst. and devote the collection to the cause of the Greeks.

M. CAREY BENOIST, a native of New, but who 30 years past a resident of this place, has made a donation of \$150 to the Committee of the New Fund.

*Great Prize.*—We understand that the great capital of 20,000 dollars, drawn on Wednesday the 14th inst. from the Lottery, New York, was sold to Mr. CANFIELD to residents in this city.

*Trade of Philadelphia.*—The following are the arrivals from Foreign ports, in 1823.—Ships, 10; Brigs 88, Schrs 61—Arrivals custom, \$150,000; Grand total, 858.

1st of vessels in the port of New York, on the 1st of January, 1824.—Ships, 62; Brigs, 61; Schooners, 62; Sloops, 142—Total 327.

The President and Directors of the Bank of the United States on the 5th inst. declared a dividend of two and a half per cent. on the capital stock for the last six months.

A resolution for taxing magistrates was taken up on Tuesday morning last, in the House of Representatives of this state, and after considerable postponement—years 55, nays 31.

In the Senate of the United States on Tuesday last, Mr. Dickinson presented a petition from suffering citizens in New Jersey and Pennsylvania, praying for an increase of the Tariff.

The *Frigate United States*, under the command of commodore HULL, having on board the noble HENRY ALEX, minister to Chili, his family and suite, has sailed from Hampton Roads.

The New York Advocate says.—"There are two comets now visible in the Heaven. The one latest discovered, rises about 4 o'clock in the morning, about due east, with its luminous train, describing its way to the west."

According to the official report of the P. G. General, there are more than 500,000 people in the habit of sleeping in the morning, to rise and view the comet.

The cry throughout Spain is said to be: "The Inquisition forever!"—the Absolute King down with the Jews and Jacobins.

The expenditures of the City of New York for the year 1825, amount to four hundred and fifty-two thousand six hundred and forty five dollars.

According to the report of the Treasurer of the Western Shore of Maryland there was a deficit to the Treasury on the 1st of Dec. of \$3,000.

The Legislature of 8 Carolina have appropriated nearly \$300,000 for internal improvements for the next year.

B. O. Tyler, Esq. of Washington, has presented to the New York Greek Committee, 50 far annies of the Declaration of American Independence, and 50 engravings of an Eulogy on Washington, with a likeness of that great man, to be sent to the members of the Greek government.

The Treasurer of Lower Canada is a defalcator to the tune of £96,000.

About 40 Millicamen are to be tried at New  
hill, Mass. for not having ball cartridges at a  
training.

**Curious.**—It is stated in a letter from Albany last inst. that at an election for Mayor of that city by the new Board of Aldermen, Judge Spencer was put in nomination against Mr. Dudley, said to be the champion of the Van Buren party. In counting the ballots it appeared that Judge Spencer had a majority of one when Mr. Dudley, as Chairman, modestly voted for himself, thereby making a tie!

The Fourth of July, 1823, was celebrated at Batavia, in the East Indies, by the Americans at that place, who partook of an entertainment at

The U. S. schooner Wild Cat, has arrived at New Orleans from Havana. The commander noted that the French frigate Eurydice brought information to Havana, that 10,000 troops were embarked from Cadix, and the same number of French troops at Brest, destined for Mexico, without touching on their way at Havana.

Three men and two women have been arrested as counterfeits, in Baltimore. The women were in the act of passing a counterfeit \$50 bill, note of the United States Bank.

A Coal Mine, believed to be of great extent, has been discovered in Worcester, Massachusetts. The coal is said to be equal to the Lehigh.

*Comet.*—The Norwich Courier says—"another wild rolt of a comet" has made its appearance, speeding its way for our sun. It rises at 4 o'clock in the morning, about due east, and its luminous train can be distinctly seen a considerable space in the heavens. But owing to its distance from the earth, it is not visible to the naked eye.

On Monday, the 22d Dec. it was reported at Charleston, that Thomas M<sup>r</sup>William, Esq. had been killed in a duel at Hog Island, and soon after

his body was brought over, when an inquest was held before the coroner, the result of which was, that the Jury gave a verdict of—Murder by self person or persons unknown.

A fine portrait of Columbus, has been transported by George E. Barrell, U. S. Consul at Mexico, to the Secretary of State, for the purpose of having it placed among the portraits of other distinguished men in the Capitol. It was obtained from Seville.

**Tennessee.**—Brokers are taxed \$3,000 per annum. Any person who makes a business of buying and selling money of any description, is considered a broker.

**Cheese.**—In the township of Aurora, Putnam county, Ohio, there has been made, during the past season, one hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds of Cheese. This, for an area of five miles square, in a new country in connection with the ordinary productions of well cultivated farms, is an example of industry and economy worthy of imitation.

**Ohio.**—From a list of the names of the members of the Legislature of Ohio, published in the Ohio Republican, to which the places of their nativity is attached, it appears, that, out of above a hundred members, in the two houses, but a single individual was born in that state.

**Flannels.**—The arrangements for manufacturing flannels, in Massachusetts, are now an extensive one. We have the best authority for stating that within the next year within 40 miles of

The disease called the *putrid sore throat* is very prevalent in New York among children.

The Editor of the Boston Galaxy has announced his intention of publishing a daily paper in addition to the Galaxy. We heartily wish him success.

*Cayuga Marshes.*—A meeting is about to be held in the village of Montezuma, Cayuga county, N. Y. to take into consideration the subject of draining the Cayuga marshes. These marshes, it is said, embrace 50,000 acres of land, of the most excellent fertility, lying directly upon the bank of the Grand Canal. It is supposed they can be drained without great expense.

An alluring occurrence happened at Bluefield, (New Jersey), on Christmas day. A number of boys had assembled on a pond for skating with their skates. In the midst of the

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